



Buy a Fire-stone, Cheeks for your
Stoves?

'TIS pitious thing
This man by d
Is always seen in dirt and r
Tho' a hard task it's,
With stones and baskets,
On shoulder pois'd all day

Nay e'en at night,
His fates in spite,
To get a meal deny him pel
Tho' he aspires,
To mend your fires,
The duce a fire to warm him